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after he himself had quoted them (as we showed above), Pope Nicolas wrote his 42nd Epistle to all the bishops of France. It appears from that letter that the French bishops were refusing to admit the Decretal Epistles as laws; for Nicolas accuses them of having said "that those decretals of the ancient pontiffs were not contained in the whole body of the code of canons."* Nicolas goes on to argue that this is no reason why those decretals are not to be kept, "since among the canons themselves it appears that one decree of blessed Leo is inserted, in which all the constituted decretals of the Apostolic See (by which he means Rome) are so commanded to be kept, that if anyone shall have offended against them he may know that pardon is to be denied to him."†

We shall have to show hereafter what is the real application of such decrees as this of Pope Leo I., and how dishonestly they are used: it is enough to observe now that Pope Leo I. wrote it only to the bishops of Campania, in Italy, who, being within his patriarchate, were lawfully subject to his authority. And Leo I. wrote it 400 years before the forgeries of Isidore were heard of in the world. Yet Pope Nicolas brings it forward as if it applied to France and to all the Christian world; and he produces it as if Leo I. had intended to apply it to those forgeries which were not written until so long after.

That Pope Nicolas did produce it in support of the forgeries of Isidore is what we have now to prove.

After quoting that decree of Leo I., Pope Nicolas goes on thus: "But in saying ALL appointed decretals, he passed by NO ONE of the decretals that are appointed, which he did not command to be kept; and, again, in asserting of ALL our predecessors, he exempted NO ONE of the Roman Pontiffs who was before himself, whose appointed decretals he did not so command to be kept by all."‡

Now, considering that this universal confirmation of all decretals of all Pontiffs was made by Nicolas after the forgeries were published, and after he himself had quoted them as true and inspired, is it not clear that what he here said was intended to establish the forged decretals as well as the true ones?

But we have further proof still that it really was the forged decretals that Pope Nicolas was labouring to establish, for he goes on thus: "The holy and most eloquent Pope Gelasius agrees to this most blessed Pope Leo, thus saying, 'We decree that the Decretal Epistles, which the most blessed Popes of the city of Rome, in different times, gave on the consultation of different fathers, are to be received with veneration.' In which, it is to be observed (so Pope Nicolas goes on) that he did not say the Decretal Epistles which are reckoned among the canons, nor only which the modern Popes gave out, but which the most blessed Popes, in different times, gave from the city of Rome. But, different times being mentioned, the holy man comprehended even those times which, by the multiplying persecutions of THE PAGANS, with great difficulty permitted the causes of bishops to be brought to the Apostolic See."§

Let it be observed that it is the professed object of Pope Nicolas here to establish the Decretal Epistles written by Popes in the times of Pagan persecution. Now, the Pagan persecutions ceased at the accession of the Emperor Constantine, in the year 306. It was, therefore, the Decretal Epistles written by Popes before that year that he was endeavouring to establish as the laws of the Church. And now we recall the fact that there are not now, and were not then, any Decretal Epistles of Popes who lived before that year, except the forged ones. We refer our readers to the table of Popes' Epistles, given in our last number, in which they will see that there are only five genuine Epistles of Popes who lived before the year 306—viz., two of Clement, and three of Cornelius: none of these are Decretal Epistles—that is, none of them profess to lay down laws. All Decretal Epistles previous to that year are forgeries. And if any one should say—"Perhaps, in the time of Nicolas there were some genuine Decretals, written in the time of Pagan persecution, which are since lost, and it might have been of them Pope Nicolas was speaking," we have witnesses to disprove this. We have a collection of Decretal Epistles made by Dionysius Exiguus, about the year 530, in which he professes to "have collected the constitutions of the former Prelates of the Apostolic See with what care

and diligence he could."* And he could find none older than the year 385. To this collection was added, by some other person, about the year 730, the Decretals of the Popes who lived after Dionysius Exiguus;† and that collector, too, found none of earlier date. Another collection was made at Rome by Cresconius about the year 700,‡ and he, too, found none of an earlier date. In the letters of Pope Nicolas I., and the other Popes of the ninth century, we find no trace of their having had any Decretal Epistles older than 306, except the forged ones; we know that they had the forged ones, for they have actually quoted them. When, therefore, Pope Nicolas insisted that the Decretal Epistles of Popes, who lived in the time of the Pagan persecutions (that is, before the year 306), were all to be received, it is clear that it was of the forged Decretal Epistles he was speaking; and that those were the decretals which Pope Nicolas I. was labouring to establish as the laws of the Church. We ask our readers to consider now if we have proved these three things—

1st. That Pope Nicolas, and the Popes who preceded and followed him in the ninth century, did actually quote the forgeries, actually referring by name to epistles and councils which are now universally acknowledged to be forgeries?

2nd. That Pope Nicolas professed to produce these forgeries by Divine Inspiration!

3rd. That Pope Nicolas laboured to impose those forged Decretals and councils upon the Church as its law!

We might now leave it to our readers to judge whether the statement of Archbishop Devoti, on the one hand, that the Popes were no way involved in the guilt of these forgeries; or the statement of the Archbishop of Paris and the Jesuits Labbe and Cossart, on the other, that it was by the exertions of Pope Nicolas, and the other Popes of the ninth century, that the forgeries were established, be the true one.

But we have further proof still. The multitude of places in which the Popes of the ninth century have laboured to support the doctrines and objects of the forged Epistles, without expressly naming or quoting them; and further, still, the manner in which these forgeries were continued for ages as the laws of the Roman Church.

This will be the subject of our next paper; and we hope it will be found as deeply and as generally interesting, to those who seek for truth, as anything we have yet said on the subject.

THE HEIR OF BALLYMANUS.—No. I.

In the beginning of this century there did not live, perhaps, a better specimen of the fine old Irish gentleman than Denis Macmanus, of Ballymanus. Descended as he was from an ancient race of Irish kings, and professing the same religion as his numerous tenantry, he was almost worshipped by the people whom he governed with patriarchal sway. When he issued his commands, few of them troubled their heads to inquire whether they were in conformity with the law of the land, or with God's law either. Ill-betide the unfortunate messenger who should venture to execute the king's writ on the Ballymanus domains. But if you entered those territories without any legal or hostile intent, you were sure of meeting with unbounded hospitality. Little question was made who you were or why you came; whether your taste was for hunting, or shooting, or fishing, ample provision was made for your amusement; and in the evening you assembled, with a score of others, round his hospitable board, where the claret flowed like water, and where all was profuse abundance. It is true that if, in the simplicity of your taste, you preferred whiskey punch, you might not find it so easy to gratify your predilection; and some were ill-natured enough to say that this was because claret was got on credit, while whiskey and sugar had to be paid for with ready money. But you were little disposed for any captious fault-finding in the presence of one so jovial as your host. No man told a better story or sang a better song; and he had the art of making all about him thoroughly comfortable. His enemies said nothing worse of him than that his temper was a little warm, and it is certainly true that he had, in conformity with the habit of his days, been out seven times.

It may be imagined that such a character as we have described was not the most prudent manager of his affairs. Having found his estates but very moderately dipped when he succeeded to the possession of them, he had no difficulty in raising, by mortgage, such sums as he needed; and parsimony and self-denial not being among his virtues, this was an expedient to which he often had recourse. When, therefore, contrary to what might have been expected, this hard-living, hard-riding fire-eater died quietly in his bed, in the fullness of a good old age, his son, O'Brien Macmanus, found the income yielded him by the estates which he inherited very disproportionate to the amount of his nominal rent-roll. He could ride for miles round without going off the property which called him master, yet, now that war prices were no longer to be had, it was only by unremitting attention that he could make

both ends of the year meet, and, as he complained, he scarcely got agent's fees for the management of his own estates. O'Brien Macmanus was, indeed, a man of another school and another generation from his father. An active man of business, strictly just in all his dealings, and not apt to be liberal with money that did not belong to him, he was very far from being as popular as his recklessly improvident predecessor. It is to be hoped that he found in the bosom of his family some consolation for his inferior popularity among strangers. He was fortunate in the possession of a wife who idolized him, and four as fine children as ever man was blessed with—three daughters and one son, Frank, the hero of the present narrative.

Frank was universally declared to resemble his grandfather much more than his father. He was of an ardent, impulsive temperament; one who threw his whole soul into everything he undertook; an enthusiastic sportsman, and so adventurous a rider that his mother often trembled with apprehension for her only son, the sole surviving hope of the family; but his father declared that he would not have the lad checked; and the tenantry exclaimed that it did their hearts good to see fine old Denis come to life again. Frank was more than seventeen before he was called to more serious pursuits by a conversation which his father held with him.

"Frank," said he, "as long as you were a boy I have given you full fling, and allowed you to amuse yourself as you pleased. It is time now you should think of something else. With the blessing of God, I may live still for a good many years, and I should be sorry that you were dangling on here, living a life of mere amusement. You know how I have been crippled by the state in which your grandfather handed the property over to me; and now, were I to die, I must either leave your mother and sisters without provision, or else give the estates over to you more encumbered than I found them myself. It would break my heart if these lands, which Cromwell did not succeed in wresting out of the hands of the Macmanuses, were now scattered from us through our own improvidence. I have been fighting a hard battle to clear off some of our incumbrances, yet, I have made no progress, and the times are getting worse; so it is plain you must do something else to restore the fortunes of our house. I had been thinking of the army for you, which I know you would like best; but it is, really, too expensive a profession. Since I should find it hard to get the ready money to push you on, it is not a profession in which you would make your fortune in a hurry. So, I see nothing for it but the bar: and, really, considering what good abilities you possess, and how well our family is known, and how many there are who would be delighted to serve one of your name, I don't think you can fail to succeed. I don't despair to see you making a handsome income of your own, and that before you come into the property you will have gold enough to ballast these dirty acres from flying away, as they now seem likely to do.

Frank warmly assented to his father's proposal, and from this time a great change took place in him, and he became as ardent a student as he had before been a sportsman. In his natural disposition he had more genius for poetry than law; but the boy's imagination was fired with the thought of building up the fortunes of an ancient house, and he pursued the project with all the vehemence of his impetuous character. He was duly sent up to the University, not without many misgivings and warnings on the part of his mother, lest the purity of his faith should be sullied in that heretic institution. There, however, he found no one to trouble him with controversy, and the only way in which his early opinions were shaken was, that he found heretics, in close contact, not such repulsive animals as he had imagined from a distance. He found there, among Protestants, many honourable competitors and some warm friends, and several of the prejudices he had conceived to their disadvantage were unconsciously dissipated. He left College after a career of much distinction, and, with what he valued perhaps more than University honors, the reputation of being the most brilliant orator of the Historical Society. He was, indeed, in danger of being led to depend too much on his ready command of language, and on the glowing images with which his fancy embellished every case in which he took a lively interest (and that, in truth, was every case he undertook to defend); but he had fortunately some judicious advisers, who warned him that real eminence at the bar could only be obtained by hard study, and must have for its foundation a thorough knowledge of law. Accordingly, when he went over to London to eat his dinners, he entered a conveyancer's office, and, after some months of vigorous study, began to love, for their own sake, those intricacies of the law which he had at first regarded merely as the ladder by which he was to climb his way to fortune. He required, indeed, some little self-denial to apply himself to study as diligently as he did; for his father being a well-known member of parliament (the representation of his native county had been hereditary in his family since long before the Union), Frank received many invitations from old friends or political connections of his father. He went, however, but little into society, determined not to allow the seductive gaieties of a London season to encroach upon the time which he had rigidly set apart for study. His most intimate companion was an Englishman, named Corawall, some ten or fifteen years older than himself,

* Quamquam quidam vestrum scripserint, haud illa decretalia prisorum Pontificum in toto codicis canonum corpore contineri descripta. Labbe and Coss. Vol. VIII., p. 799.

† Quomodo inter ipsos canones unum B. Leonis capitulum constat esse permixtum, quo ita omnia decretalia constituta sedis apostolicæ custodiri mandantur, ut si quis in illa commiserit, noverit sibi veniam negari. Pp. 799, 800.

‡ Dicen o vero omnia decretalia constituta, nullum de decretalibus constitutis prætermissis, quod non mandaverit esse custodiendum. Et rursus asserendo omnium decretorum nostrorum, nullum Pontificum Romanorum, qui ante se fuerit, exceptis, cuius ita non præcepit decretalia constituta ab omnibus custodiri. Labbe and Coss. vol. VIII., p. 800.

§ Consonat autem huic beatissimo Papæ Leonis sanctus et facundissimus in decretis suis Papa Gelasius, ita inquisiens: Decretales epistolæ, quas Beatissimus Papæ diversis temporibus de urbe Roma, pro diversorum patrum consultatione dederunt, venerabiliter suscipiendæ decernimus. In quo notandum, quia non dixit decretales epistolæ quæ inter canones habentur, nec tantum, quas moderni pontifices ediderunt; sed quas beatissimus Papæ diversis temporibus ab urbe Roma dederunt. Dictis autem diversis temporibus, etiam illa tempora vir sanctus comprehendit, quæ creberrimis paganismi persecutionibus ad sedem apostolicam deferri causas episcoporum difficillime permittant. Labbe and Coss. vol. VIII., p. 800.

* Præteritorum sedis apostolicæ præsulum constituta, qua valui cura diligentia collegi.—Bibliotheca Voellii et Justellii. Ed. Paris, 1661, vol. I., p. 183.

† The same, p. 249. ‡ The same, p. 456.

with whom he became acquainted from occupying the same chambers with one of his fellow-pupils, at the conveyancer's just mentioned. Except on the principle that love is greatest between persons of opposite dispositions, it was not easy to account for the friendship between the two; for Cornwall was silent and reserved, cold and cynical. He was interested, however, by the young man's freshness and simplicity, and honest enthusiasm; while Frank looked up with unfeigned admiration to his friend's experience and knowledge of the world and literary reputation, Cornwall being well known as one of the most effective writers for a leading newspaper.

In this manner the months of Frank's first residence in London passed rapidly away, and the close of the season found him a little fatigued by severe study, and by no means indisposed for relaxation. Under these circumstances, he gladly accepted an invitation (which he possibly might at no time have had virtue to resist) from Lord Robert Blair, the son of an old friend of his father's, and who had himself twice enjoyed the celebrated salmon fishing at Ballymanus, to spend some time at Glenarvon Castle, in the Highlands, and thence to join him in some deer stalking expeditions. Having paid a short visit to Ballymanus, he rejoined his friend in Scotland, where one of his romantic character found abundant enjoyment both in the noble Highland scenery—then seen for the first time—and in the unusually exciting nature of the sport which he was partaking. There was something peculiarly captivating to his fancy in the scenery of those deer forests (forests, indeed, by courtesy), in those hills whose huge masses bounded his landscape, in those vast solitudes where the cry of the moor fowl was the only sound of life; so devoid of human habitation, that he could scarcely imagine himself still in the United Kingdom, and not in some untrodden prairie of America. Nor was he inaccessible to the lower pleasures of proving his skill in the use of the rifle, and of showing that in speed and endurance he was not surpassed by his more practised companions.

But our business now is not with the success of his sport, but with an incident which occurred to him after his return to Glenarvon, and not many days before his purposed return to the south. He was returning one day from a solitary ride when he was startled by the rush of a red deer, at no great distance from him, and at the same time by hearing cries of distress. The cause, as he afterwards learned, was as follows:—A gentleman and lady were driving in a little carriage through a part of Glenarvon grounds, accessible to strangers, when, on a turn of the road, they came full on the monarch of the forest, apparently prepared to dispute their further progress. Aware that it was a season at which it was imprudent to irritate him, they drew up, when he retired into a little hollow, on one side of the road; on their venturing, however, to proceed slowly forward, the deer, as if insulted by their nearer approach, charged full down on them, and plunged his antlers into the breast of one of the horses of their carriage. The wounded animal gave two violent kicks, and then both horses rushed furiously on, and, after a course of a few hundred yards, ended by overturning the carriage, fortunately before they reached a precipitous part of the road, where a fall might have been attended with more dangerous consequences. Frank, who had not been in time to be more than a helpless spectator of the catastrophe, hastened to render his assistance to the sufferers. He found the postillion severely bruised, both by the fall and by the struggles of the now nearly expiring animal; the gentleman, who was advanced in life, was also considerably shaken; the lady had escaped unhurt. Having given all the help in his power, Frank hastened to the Castle for further assistance, and soon returned, accompanied by Lord Robert, who expressed to the strangers his concern for the misfortune they had met with, and, in his father's name, pressed them to take refuge in the Castle for the present. Circumstanced as they were, they had scarce any alternative. The gentleman proved to be a Mr. Hartwell, a merchant, of London, well known for his wealth and princely munificence, who, accompanied by his only daughter, had been taking a tour in the Highlands.

When it was found that, beyond the loss of the horse, the accident would not be attended by any dangerous consequences, it afforded to the young people at the Castle no unwelcome addition to their topics of conversation. It was discussed whether the deer had come down to avenge the death of his slaughtered cousins on the hills, or whether he was merely enjoying his customary amusement of man stalking; but, above all, the singular beauty of the young lady, introduced into the Castle in so romantic a way, made Frank an object of good-humoured rallery. They were sure his modesty must have suppressed some part of the story; it was impossible that he had been a mere spectator of the fair lady's peril; he had surely engaged in single combat with her brute assailant, and, like the Master of Ravenswood, delivered father and daughter by a shot from his trusty rifle. And, to say the truth, before the few days of their stay at Glenarvon were over, Frank himself was strongly tempted to wish that he had made his entry on the scene in some more striking manner, calculated to give him stronger claims on the gratitude of his new acquaintance. Edith Hartwell was a person who, even encountered under more commonplace circumstances, was likely to fascinate a less ardent imagination than Frank's, and though much of her time was occupied in attendance on her father, who was more bruised than they had at first

imagined, her filial solicitude did not lower her in Frank's eyes, and if he saw less of her on this account, perhaps he thought the more. He had no reason, however, to complain that the little services he had been able to render were unappreciated, and he received at parting a warm invitation to renew his acquaintance next winter at London.

Our readers will be surprised to learn that, although Frank was as anxious to increase his legal knowledge next year as he had been before, and although there could be no doubt that needless visiting would unduly encroach upon his time, still he did not neglect to avail himself of this invitation—nay, nor of others which succeeded it—that he found, as much time for prosecuting his acquaintance with the Hartwells, as if he had been the merest lounge about town; that he discovered that his health had suffered last year from too much confinement; that he, in consequence, made numberless journeys on the Norwood road, which, as he encountered no friend by the way, could, of course, only have been undertaken for the sake of exercise; that when over his law books fits of dreaming and castle-building used to seize upon him; even the singularly interesting Fearnie could no longer enthrall his attention, nor save his margin from being pencilled with occasional E's. In short, the honest youth was smitten with a disease from which many of his betters before him have suffered, and was, in plain English, desperately in love. Some, however, take the disease in a milder, some in a more virulent form. Frank was not one of those who can linger on for years in a slow fever, and before the summer days had come round again, his affairs had come to a crisis. We have no space to bestow on the details of his suit, but hasten on to the result.

And first, with regard to the most important person, Edith herself, Frank had in her heart a powerful advocate in his favour. By his first appearance he had relieved her from a moment of as torturing suspense as she had ever undergone in her life. When she extricated herself from the ruins of her shattered vehicle only to find her two companions insensible—uncertain of the extent of their hurts, unable to give them effectual assistance, and apprehensive of a fresh assault from the animal who had caused all their trouble—it seemed to her that the prayer which she murmured to heaven for aid was almost instantaneously answered by the timely coming up of Frank to her assistance. And it may be imagined that, with Frank's prepossessing exterior, pleasing manners, ardent feelings, and eloquent words to clothe them in, the impression first made was not effaced by a closer acquaintance. Frank's father, again, who was at the time in London, gave the match his hearty approval. He was sorry for the difference of the religion; he supposed the girls must follow their mother, but of course the boys would be brought up Catholics, and an heiress would suit the Ballymanus estate remarkably well. But other of the parties concerned were not disposed to look so lightly on the question of religion. Mr. Hartwell, although Frank had always been a prime favourite, and though his approbation had been given to the straightforward manner in which, before breaking the matter to Edith, Frank had communicated to him the exact circumstances of his father's estate, yet groaned with horror at the thought of his daughter marrying a Roman Catholic. Probably had his daughter pleaded earnestly with him, he might have found it hard to refuse her anything. But whatever Edith's heart might suggest, her reason was on the side of her father. Sincerely pious, and warmly attached to her own religion, she felt that a marriage with one who could not sympathize with her in the feelings which she held most sacred, could never be a happy one. The difference of opinion on points of vital moment must be a lasting cause of misery, and it was better to suffer a little at the time by struggling with her feelings now than to suffer all her life long. Accordingly she acquiesced in the decision which her father communicated to Frank, that though, in other respects, he had never seen any one whom he would prefer for his son-in-law, yet that difference of religion was an insuperable obstacle. This view of the case, bitterly unacceptable as it was to Frank, he found was shared by his own mother. "My dearest child," she wrote, "it grieves me to write what I know will give you pain, and I fear you will think me unreasonable to raise any objections to a match which has your father's approval, only that you must know I have nothing so much as your real happiness at heart. It would delight me to see you married to such a woman as you describe Miss Hartwell to be, if she were of the true religion, but I fear marriage with a Protestant can bring you no happiness, either in this world or the next. Only consider, dearest Frank, if you loved your wife (and I am sure you would never marry any one whom you did not love tenderly), how could you ever enjoy a moment's happiness when you must know that if death were to separate her from you it would separate you to all eternity. It seems to me a frightful thing to centre your affections on one living outside the pale of the true Church, out of which there can be no salvation. And believe me, Frank, you can have no perfect union with one who despises all we hold in reverence. Think what occasions for future discord you are creating. How can you ever agree, for instance, in the education of your children? She will not like to see her children brought up in what she will think idolatry, and you, I know, will never consent to anything so sinful as to allow a child of yours to be trained to despise the saints, and blaspheme the Mother of God, and be brought up to be

lost for ever. It would be better for you, Frank, to suffer many a pang now, than to have such a sin as this to answer for at the last day. But, dearest child, I would gladly think that there may be a hope of your obtaining your happiness in a way in which your conscience will find nothing to condemn. If she loves you as you deserve (and if she does not she is not worthy of you) she must surely be willing to listen to the arguments for the truth of the religion you believe. Could she not be prevailed on to see our friend Mr. Oldham? Surely some of the evidence which he found irresistible ought to have weight with her. If I could see your Edith thus brought into the bosom of the Catholic Church, there is no greater happiness than your union with her would give to your own fond mother."

This letter of his mother's, brought Frank mingled pain and comfort. Up to that time, he had never thought very seriously on the subject of religion, and had complied carefully with all the observances of that in which he had been brought up, rather as a matter of course than from any strong feelings of his own on the subject. It pained him, therefore, to find, that in his mother's feeling, as well as Edith's, the difference of religion was not an obstacle to be so lightly got over as he had imagined. But the idea suggested by his mother, of Edith's possible conversion, gave infinite consolation to one of his sanguine temperaments. He founded on it some most delightful castles; and already enjoyed, in imagination, the triumph of bringing home, as his wife, such a woman as Edith, and one who had been reconciled to the Church by his means. So, having obtained a promise of assistance from Mr. Oldham, he wrote next day to Mr. Hartwell, endeavouring to change his determination; trying to convince him that the prejudices which he and his daughter entertained against his religion arose only from ignorance as to what he really believed; and imploring that they would not condemn him unheard, but would give an interview to himself and his friend, Mr. Oldham, and hear from their own lips what their faith really was. This letter drew an indignant exclamation from Mr. Hartwell. "Why, Edith, he actually wants to make a Roman Catholic of you!" and vehement expressions of surprise at its being thought possible that he would ever consent to such an interview. Mr. Hartwell, however, was one of those persons who expend all their obstinacy in the vehemence of their first loud and indignant refusal, and who are not proof against subsequent continued entreaty. Edith, in particular, was never known to plead with him in vain; and when she gently urged on him the unreasonableness of allowing it to appear that they were proof against all argument, and determined to condemn Romanism without knowing why or wherefore; and the bad effects which such conduct would have in confirming Frank in his own opinions; when she represented to him how candid and fair-minded he was; and how likely it was, that if he could be brought in this manner to have a few conversations with good Mr. Peterson, the interview might have a very different result from what Frank anticipated; Mr. Hartwell at last gave way.

"But only on condition that Mr. Peterson is present," said he, "otherwise it would be too rash to expose an inexperienced girl like you to the wiles of so practised a disputant as Mr. Oldham."

Even with this help, however, the combatants were far too unequally matched. Mr. Oldham was a man of considerable learning, of great ingenuity, of unsurpassed intellectual courage (no man could occupy with more hardihood a paradox which ordinary men would pronounce untenable, and defend it with greater ability); and having been a clergyman of the Church of England, it is to be supposed he was in full possession of all the arguments that could be urged on both sides of the question. Mr. Peterson, on the other hand, was a very sincere, zealous, hot-tempered, little man, earnest and impressive in his pulpit exhortations, indefatigable in visiting the sick and indigent; but he was not a learned divine. He was well acquainted with the Bible, but not with many books of theology besides. He had, it is to be supposed, read something on the Romish controversy, before being admitted to holy orders, but he had never come in contact with a Romanist since; nor did he at all understand how any one, who acknowledged the authority of Scripture, could find anything to say in defence of such a system.

The conference which took place was shorter and less satisfactory than the persons who had brought it about expected. Mr. Oldham manifested some disagreeable surprise on being introduced to a Protestant clergyman, and seemed little inclined to speak until Mr. Peterson, in a manner, challenged him to the combat.

"I rejoice, sir," said he, "to have an opportunity of hearing from your own lips your reasons for a change which, to me, seems inexplicable. I cannot understand how any one who has had, from his youth, the privilege of reading the Word of God, could embrace the doctrines of the Church of Rome. You must have known God's command, not to make any graven image or bow down to it; and yet, you have joined a Church which encourages the worship of idols, and throws God's command to the contrary into the back ground. You know the declaration of Scripture, that there is but one Mediator between God and man; and yet, you have joined a Church which interposes a thousand mediators between God and man. You exalt the Virgin Mary (of whom the New Testament says so little) to the rank of almost a fourth person in the Blessed

Trinity. You were taught in the Bible, that our Lord offered but one sacrifice for sin, and by one offering perfected for ever them that are sanctified; and now you teach that his sacrifice is repeated a hundred times a day. You were taught in the Bible, that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and now you teach that it is only a part of sin which the blood of Christ removes; and you have a dozen other inventions for cleansing from sin—masses, and penances, and indulgences, and purgatory; and, in fine, while our Lord commanded all men to search the Scriptures, you hide them from your people, and tell them they can be saved as well without them, and you only give them to them when you cannot help it."

Mr. Oldham somewhat coloured at this harangue; but he answered calmly—

"I do not know, sir, whether you expect that I should discuss with you in detail each of the passages of Scripture which, in your private judgment, seem opposed to the teaching of the Church. I content myself with replying, that the Church interprets these texts differently from you, and that, therefore, you must be wrong. Before I could consent to allow you to plead the authority of the Bible, on your behalf, I must learn from you what you know about the Bible, or where did you get the book you call by that name, and how you know it is inspired, and what right you have to interpret it?"

"Sir," said Mr. Peterson, alarmed at having the whole ground on which he was standing, thus summarily cut from under his feet, "I hope I have not to do with an infidel. I consider that the inspiration of Scripture is common ground, on which we both agree, and which I never expected to hear called in question by any one who had any right to the name of Christian. As for my right to interpret it, I imagine, that when God sent a message to mankind, he was able to express that message in intelligible words; and that he intended those to whom it was sent, should take the trouble to know it and understand it."

"Do not suppose," said Mr. Oldham, "that I deny or doubt the inspiration of Scripture. I believe it on the firmest of all grounds, indeed, on the only possible solid ground, namely, the authority of an infallible Church. In the golden words of St. Augustine:—*'Evangelio non credem nisi auctoritas ecclesie commoveret.'* But then I receive all else that comes to me on the same authority, and I hold that she who gave me the Scriptures, has a right to interpret them for me as she pleases."

"Do you mean," interrupted Mr. Peterson, "that she has a right to interpret 'one Mediator between God and man,' 'a hundred mediators between God and man' or 'the sacrifice of Christ once offered,' 'the sacrifice offered every day' or 'the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin,' 'cleanseth from a small part of our sins'?" Because, if this be the case, the interpretation supersedes the text, and the sooner the Bible is got rid of the better. I might make a shift to believe on the Church's authority, that there is such a place as Purgatory; but as for believing that it is in the Bible, or that the writers of the New Testament knew any thing about it, this, as long as I have the use of my eyes and my reason, is a feat altogether beyond me."

"I have already said," replied Mr. Oldham, "that I will not be seduced off my vantage ground, to discuss with you the meaning of particular texts, nor shall I consider whether if it be true that the New Testament writers do not mention a doctrine, this is any reason why the Church is not afterwards to teach it; what I assert is, that I have solid grounds for receiving the Bible, and that you, who reject the Church's authority, have no ground by which you can believe, with the certainty of faith, that the Bible is inspired. You give your people the Bible, and tell them that it is the Word of God without offering them any evidence for it. Tell them, however, what you please, and, at best, they have the word of fallible man for it. This can give no certainty, and vague and slight must be the belief in inspiration which has no better foundation. The infidelity of the present day searches and tries all your so-called evidences, and finds them wanting. In short, no infallible Church, no Bible. If you abandon her guiding, doubt and disbelief are the necessary consequence."

"This is the first time," said Mr. Peterson, "I have been accused of neglecting to offer evidences for my belief. I should have thought that the proofs from miracles and prophecy for our religion, with which you must be well acquainted, are too strong to be shaken."

"Such arguments as those," replied Mr. Oldham, "are at the mercy of every new scientific discovery. Electricity and mesmerism are every day furnishing new implements for uprooting what you make the foundation of your faith.* Men can now explain by natural causes what was once deemed miraculous, and, outside the Church, reluctance to admit a miracle is the characteristic of the age. You yourself, though you profess to believe the Scripture miracles, reject other miracles, the evidence for which is as convincing."

"What miracles," cried Mr. Peterson.

"Why, for example," said Mr. Oldham, "to speak of miracles of our own day, the melting of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, the supernatural motions of the picture of our Lady of Rimini, the miraculous appearance of our Lady of La Salette."

"The evidence for these impostures as decisive as the evidence for the Scripture miracles!" cried Mr. Peterson, his hair standing on end with amazement.

"Mind, I don't say there is the same evidence exactly for both," said Mr. Oldham. "I find the evidence for both conclusive; you reject the one set of miracles without any examination into evidence at all. Now, infidels, who do the same with regard to the Scripture miracles, are far more reasonable than you. There may be an *a priori* difficulty in conceiving of the existence of a supernatural power; but that such a power, once proved to exist, should go on exerting itself, is no difficulty at all. The Scripture miracles have broken the ice for all that follow."

"The evidence for the winking picture at Rimini as decisive as that for the Scripture miracles!" repeated Mr. Peterson, walking about the room, and not yet recovered from his horror; "unhappy man, if you are really sincere in what you say, God has surely sent you 'strong delusion that you should believe a lie.'"

Mr. Oldham rose with dignity; "I have been always averse to controversy," he said. "I only came here to-day at the earnest request of my young friend, in the hope of satisfying the doubts of a lady, in whose salvation he was strongly interested. I have been most unwillingly drawn into a controversy, from a continuance of which, in the spirit into which it has now fallen, you will allow me to say, I can anticipate no beneficial effects. I shall, therefore, crave your permission to retire."

He bowed and left the room, and Frank felt himself constrained to follow. They walked for some time in silence. At last Frank said, "I am sorry, father, that there has not been a better result of a controversy into which I fear I have been the means of entrapping you unpleasantly. And I fear I can scarcely ask you to come again; and yet I am most anxious to learn what impressions your arguments have made, and most desirous to follow them up, only that I doubt my own competence to do so."

"I see no objection to your continuing the controversy, if you have the opportunity, with the young lady herself; only, have nothing to do with that poor creature, Peterson. And the course you must take is very simple: do not be led off into discussing particular doctrines. Press her with the simple point of the necessity of submission to the authority of the Church. Show her that without an infallible Church there can be no certainty and no unity. Show her the infinite variety of opinions, some of them absurd, some wicked, into which those who reject the Church inevitably fall—and their total want of evidence for the authority of the book which they profess to take as their guide."

"But," said Frank, "this line of argument appears to me like sapping the foundation of the Bible, and like a cruel attempt to throw Protestants into infidelity."

"It may seem cruel and unfeeling," replied Mr. Oldham; "but it is infinitely more charitable than to leave Protestants to the repeated sin of blaspheming God's Spouse, and trying to undermine the faith of our poor Catholics.* No, the only way to force them to embrace the Church is to leave them no alternative but despair. It was this course," added he, "which made me what I am."

(Continued in page 8.)

TALK OF THE ROAD.—No. XX.

"Sore weather, Pat, for the creatures that hasn't the turf," said Jem, when they met in the snow.

"And mighty hard on some poor old-fashioned creatures that hasn't any little praties they had out of the ground yet," said Pat.

"Well, there's not many that lazy now, Pat," said Jem.

"Deed," said Pat, "the old song is nearly out now, and time for it; you mind that, Jem:

First there was three weeks of frost,
And then there was three weeks of snow;
And the praties was like to be lost,
For want of a moderate thaw."

"Ay, Pat," said Jem, "I mind having to sing that myself in old times. But the people is getting to look after things better, since trouble came on them. And not one thing alone; for aren't we learning to look after the Bread of life too?"

"But what will we do at all, Jem, about that man behind the doore?" said Pat.

"Why, then, I'm thinking, Pat," said Jem, "why wouldn't we just go to the doore, and tell him out what the man behind the doore said?"

So off they went to the Rev. Mr. Burke (for the snow had stopped the work), and when they asked to see him, they got into his room; and he asked them what they wanted. So Pat spoke—

"Your reverence, we were in a house, and we were talking over what your reverence said about the candles, and there being no sacrament made at all when the candles wasn't made of wax; and that it was only bread and wine the people was worshipping when the candles wasn't wax. And there was a man behind the doore, listening to us; and he just come out on us, and said your reverence was wrong entirely; and that would only be a sin and a shame for the priest, not to look better to the candles,

and it wouldn't spoil the mass at all; and so your reverence was out entirely; and then we just allowed we would come and ask your reverence about it."

"Well, of course, I might be wrong," said Mr. Burke: "I don't set up to be infallible: what I say is for people to examine and enquire about; not for them to swallow, right or wrong; and we ask Roman Catholics to come and examine it, and set us right whenever they can; but I will look again," said Mr. Burke.

So he took down the mass-book, and read it very carefully, and he allowed the man behind the doore was right, and that if ever the bread and wine were turned into the Body and Blood of Christ at all, it will do with tallow candles as well as with wax, and that it is only a shame and a sin to the priest if he does not take care about the candles.

"So then," said Pat, "your reverence allows now, that if we could only be sure that if the bread and wine could be turned into the body and blood of Christ at all, then we might be sure that it would be done at every mass, no matter what was wrong?"

"No," said Mr. Burke, "I did not say that. I only admitted that a mistake about the candles would not stop it; but there are other mistakes that would stop it; and that would prevent any man ever being able to know whether the change was really made at any mass, even supposing the change could be made at all."

"As what, your reverence?" said Pat.

"If the grapes that the wine were made of were not ripe," said Mr. Burke, "then, the mass-book itself allows there would be no sacrament made at all, and the people would be worshipping only plain bread and wine."

"And how would we know if the grapes were ripe?" said Pat.

"Well, now, that's worse again," said Jem; "why, if it was only the candles, sure we could see that for ourselves, if they were made of the right thing. But how will we ever know at all whether the wine was made of ripe grapes? Sure we can't taste it, and if we did itself, its hard for the like of us to be judges of that."

"And maybe the priest might be a bad judge of wine himself, too," said Mr. Burke, "and then only think what might happen, even if the mass-book is right."

"But how will we know if your reverence is right this time," said Pat, scratching his head; "sure you were wrong about the mass-book last time, and how will we know if you be right now?"

"Oh, Pat," said Jem, "haven't we the right way to know about it now? Sure won't we just take it to the man behind the doore, and see what he can say again it?"

"Quite right," said the Rev. Mr. Burke, "that's just what we want; that everything we say should be examined: and have we not asked the priests to come and hear what we say, and to correct as much as they can of it. And you may be sure they would do it if they could. I would rather you went to the priest and asked him about what I say of the wine; but if you cannot do that, just ask the man behind the doore."

"Well, your reverence," said Jem, "it's better and better; for sure we durstn't go to ask the priest; but sure enough, the man behind the doore can ask the priest; and won't the priest put him up to all he can? So now we are just in the right way to get satisfaction about everything."

So they were going away to look for the man behind the doore; but Mr. Burke stopped them for a little more talk about candles.

"And," said Mr. Burke, "what about kissing the candles, boys?"

"Anan, your reverence," said Pat.

"What about kissing the candles?" said Mr. Burke.

"And what about that, your reverence?" said Pat.

"Did you never kiss a candle?" said Mr. Burke.

"No, your reverence," said Pat.

"Did you never get a candle, on Candlemass-day?" said Mr. Burke.

"Well, there mightn't be too many candles, and it didn't come to my turn," said Pat.

"And did you never see any one kiss them?" said Mr. Burke.

"Well, I did see the old creatures kissing their candles," said Pat; "but sure the mass-book would not tell them to do that?"

So, Mr. Bourke took down the mass-book, and opened it at the mass for Candlemass-day, and he read out the directions how the candles were to be sprinkled with holy water three times, and incensed three times, and how the celebrant was to distribute them "to the clergy, one by one, and then to the laity, all bending their knees, and kissing the candle, and the hand of the priest."

"And it seems to be of more importance than you think," said Mr. Burke; "for here is a book to teach us how to kiss the candles right, and it is approved by Cardinal Wiseman, in England; so it ought to be right."

So he took down a book off the shelf, called "CEREMONIAL ACCORDING TO THE ROMAN RITE,"† and he showed them this in the first page:—

* . . . Et alius clericis singulatum per ordinem, ultimo laicis, omnibus genuflectentibus, candelum et manum celebrantis osculantibus.
Missal, p. 406, Ed. Coyne, Dublin, 1845. Oct. cum approbatione ordinarii.

† Translated by Hilarius Dale, from the work of Baldeschi, "Master of Ceremonies of the Basilica of St. Peter at Rome." Published by, Dolman, London, 1888.

* Thus far Mr. Oldham appears to have borrowed all his arguments, and many of his words, from Dr. Wiseman's *Kesey on the Catholic Doctrine of the use of the Bible*.

* Here Mr. Oldham is stealing from Dr. Wiseman again.

If a system is presented for a man's acceptance which contains truth, mixed up with error, how is he to separate the latter from the former, if he has always been in the habit of yielding a blind submission to authority? And when he discerns, as he is always in danger of doing, the falsity of parts of the system which he believes, will he not run the risk of rejecting the whole system together, and thus of sacrificing, perhaps, several important and fundamental truths?

The danger to which we have just adverted is by no means an imaginary one: it was fatally verified in France at the close of the last century. In the reign of Louis XIV. there was a large body of Protestants in France, and considerable freedom of opinion existed in that country. This was a state of things which found no favour in the eyes of the spiritual advisers of the French King. They never ceased importuning him to banish all the Protestants from his kingdom, and thus to put down freedom of discussion by physical force. Their efforts were but too successful. By the revocation of the edict of Nantes several hundred thousand Protestants were driven from France, and many of those who remained were forced, by the terror of death, to abandon the religion of their fathers, and become members of the Church of Rome. For a time, therefore, the system of enforcing a compulsory silence with regard to religion, seemed to have succeeded, and the priests and ministers of Romanism appeared to have every thing their own way. But what was the result? The human mind will not long brook the shackles by which authority would seek to restrain it; men must and will think for themselves. The intelligent part of the French population soon began to have a vivid perception of the errors of the Romish system; and having no practical acquaintance with any other form of Christianity, rejected all the truths of the Bible, and plunged into open infidelity. No amount of unbelief which has ever existed in a Protestant country can compare for a moment with the fearful spectacle which France presented in the closing years of the eighteenth century, when every feeling of respect for Christianity was obliterated, and when death was publicly proclaimed to be an "eternal sleep." It is absurd to suppose that this giant monster of unbelief could have sprung up in a moment: it was only the removal of the restraints imposed by the iron hand of authority, which then unveiled the doubts that had long lurked in the minds of thinking men, and having never been encountered by reason, at length hurried them to the most extravagant absurdities.

We now think that we have shown that by our readiness to "give a reason of the hope that is in us," we are not only no friends to unbelief, but give the most convincing proof of the strength of our faith in the truths which we profess. A man who believes that the piece of gold in his purse is genuine metal and of full weight, will be ready, when called on, to allow it to be weighed, and have its purity tested; and by doing so, he evinces his faith that the coin is what it professes to be; but the man who will neither make the trial himself, nor suffer others to do so, inevitably gives rise to a suspicion that he does not himself believe that his coin is pure, unadulterated gold. And so it is with the doctrines of religion. St. Paul admonished his hearers to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good;" and those persons are no true friends to Christianity, but rather the reverse, who would deter others from following this precept of the apostle. We have shown above how Roman Catholic teachers lead their hearers to infidelity, by inculcating a blind submission to authority; and on a future occasion we will show how they do so more directly by the nature of the arguments which they employ.

THE HEIR OF BALLYMANUS.

Continued from page 6.

When, however, Frank next saw Edith, he did not find it easy to carry on the line of argument which his friend had suggested. He found her pained and shocked rather than perplexed by the course of reasoning which Mr. Oldham had followed on the previous day. He found her belief that the Bible was the Word of God rooted too strongly for him to shake. She said that independently of all external testimony, the force with which its words had been brought home by the Holy Spirit to her heart, gave her assurance that it came from God; and Frank, though he did not think this satisfactory, did not like to distress her by questioning it. Again, he could make no impression on her by arguments drawn from the difficulty of understanding the Bible. No doubt, said she, there is much in the Bible that I do not understand: but is there any reason why I should not make use of what I can?—I can find my Saviour in it, I can learn from it the way of salvation; it tells me that it was written to make me wise unto salvation; every time I study it I draw from it fresh lessons in heavenly wisdom, and shall I be justified in rejecting them, only because my curiosity cannot be gratified on some points on which I might desire information?

As Frank found himself fail in making an impression on Edith, his own faith began to waver in one dogma which it had hitherto never occurred to him to question, the impossibility of salvation out of the Church of Rome. The more he thought of Edith, so pure, so gentle, so wholly free from thought of self, whose whole happiness seemed to consist in giving happiness to those about her, the more shocking he felt the idea that she must be lost forever. Hitherto he had imagined that outside his own Church there might be morality, but could be no real piety; and yet it seemed to him now that the piety of Edith was as real and as sincere, her devotion as fervent as—yes, he could not deny it—as even that of his own mother.

He ventured to ask Mr. Oldham whether it was certain that none without the Church could be saved. "There can be no doubt of it," said Mr. Oldham, whose merciless logic never feared to look a consequence in the face. It is true that all our doctors make an exception for the case of invincible ignorance; and some of them, who seem afraid to follow out their principles, would fain represent all ignorance as invincible which has not been actually conquered. But in my opinion those in this country who have been called on to submit to the Church, and who have had full opportunity for learning her claims on their obedience, and yet refuse to submit are absolutely without excuse. It may be very dreadful, but I fear it is true.

Frank's reason was without reply, but his heart refused to assent. He redoubled his endeavours, however, to convince Edith, and finding that Mr. Oldham's plan of bringing her into the Church by the use of infidel arguments was eminently distasteful to her, he prepared to meet her on her own ground. For surely, said he to himself, since the Church has in each case decided rightly, it cannot be difficult to show that her decisions are agreeable to Scripture and reason, and history. And accordingly he laboured for several weeks at the study of the whole controversy with all his characteristic energy; but he was sadly disappointed in the result of his inquiries.

And when next he came to Mr. Oldham it was with the complaint. Father, said he, I find that whatever be the arguments to prove that the Church cannot err, it is more and more forcing itself on my mind that she actually has erred. I shall only mention two points which I have lately studied particularly. First, as to the canon. It seems to me as certain as any fact in history, that our Lord and his Apostles used the same books of the Old Testament Scripture which were admitted by the Jews with whom they argued; and that the canon of the Jews did not include the books which are called apocryphal, and does not to this day. I find that all the earliest catalogues of canonical books given by Christian writers do not include these books. The early Eastern Church is unanimous against them. In the west, the learned St. Jerome declares that the Church reads those books, but does not receive them into the number of the canonical Scriptures. Even those who do call them canonical regard them as inferior to the rest. In the Council of Trent itself the divines acknowledged their inferiority, so that it seems to me that the final decree of the Council on this subject is glaringly at variance with historic truth. Again, with regard to the religious use of images, it seems to me that if we are to take the words of Scripture in their plain natural sense, it is absolutely forbidden. The early Christians certainly understood it so; they would not tolerate from the heathen apologies for the use of images, precisely the same as those we are forced to employ ourselves; and many of them superstitiously believed the very trade of the statuary to be absolutely unlawful. I find images at first only introduced into churches for ornament, and for the historical information of the unlearned; and yet that even this innocent use of them was violently opposed by eminent bishops of the Church. I find the veneration of images only established, after the most violent opposition, at the second Council of Nice, and that by arguments the most absurd and unfair that can be imagined. And when I see the extravagant superstition to which image worship has given rise among the unlearned, it is forcing itself on my mind, that on this point also the Protestants are right, and the Church wrong.

Mr. Oldham listened in speechless horror, and then replied—

"I am deeply grieved, Frank, but scarcely surprised at the result of the course you have taken. The only question you, or any other layman, have to consider is, that of the authority of the Church. It is not for you to re-open questions which have been long since tried and decided by higher authority than yours. The only result of such a course would be to land you in hopeless infidelity."

"But," urged Frank, "these are all questions of mere historical fact, which I have studied with great care, and on which I think my education as a lawyer renders me peculiarly qualified to form an opinion."

"My dear Frank," returned Mr. Oldham, "suppose, now, that I were to qualify myself by several weeks' hard study to pass a judgment upon the Lord Chancellor's last decision, I have no doubt I could find plenty of ingenious arguments to prove that his judgment was quite erroneous: nay, I have no doubt that I could make out a plausible case to show that the whole law is a gigantic system of fraud, got up solely for the profit of the lawyers. No doubt, in my proof, I should fall into abundance of errors, which you or any other practised lawyer would detect at once; but, notwithstanding, my arguments would seem to the unlearned very plausible and convincing. But, however, do you not think it better that we should each stick to his own profession? I shall be content to take my law from you, when I want it, and, in the meantime, you may be content to take the doctrines of religion from those who are authorized to teach them."

Frank went away silenced for that time, but he returned some days after—

"Father," said he, "since our last interview I have been endeavouring to submit to the authority of the Church my own judgment as to the meaning of Scripture, and as to the facts of history; but, you will allow that the authority of the Church, to which so great a sacrifice must be made, ought itself to rest on a strong foundation. Now, I want you to assist in strengthening my faith in this great truth; for it seems to me useless to think of proving it from Scripture, since I know that Scripture depends altogether for its authority on the infallibility of the Church. I suppose it must rest ultimately on the evidence for the first miracles of our religion, and yet, you hinted the other day that infidels could explain these away by the help of electricity and mesmerism."

Mr. Oldham replied—"I know that some of our divines do appeal to Scripture in order to prove the infallibility of the Church, but I shall not be so inconsistent as to suppose that Scripture can have any authority without the foundation of the Church; nor shall I treat the texts which speak of the Church as if they were the only ones, plain, and evident, and easy to be interpreted by private judgment. Nor again shall I bewilder you by an appeal to miracles or prophecy: such a course, I know, must inevitably end in incurable scepticism. No, Frank, your doubts are not to be removed by reasoning; they are to be got rid of by penances, by believing, and praying. Surrender your mind to the truth: throw yourself into the system, and you will find the act bring its own evidence with it. A simple-minded woman, like your mother, to whom it never occurred to doubt the truth of our religion, has greater certainty of its truth than those who are able to answer the subtlest arguments heretics or infidels have invented—than Bellarmine, or Wiseman, or Perrone. The authority of the Church is not a thing to be proved by sorites, and enthymemes, and syllogisms; it is a doctrine which comes wafted to us in full tradition on the western breeze; and holy fathers re-echo it in intellectual expressions, and it is poured to and fro in broken harmonies, in closets and on the house-tops: and sacred virgins repeat it to us in their calm, sweet voices, and monks, spare with fasting, resound it in their deep rich tones; and it pervades us like an atmosphere, and fills every corner of each Catholic heart. And can heretics find evidence like this in all the works of Paley, or Grotius, or Chalmers, or Sumner!"

Frank was awed by his friend's eloquence, the general drift of which he understood, though, perhaps, he did not understand the exact meaning of each particular phrase; and Mr. Oldham went on to say—

"Frank, I fear that it is your heart, not your head, which suggests these difficulties to you."

"Nay, father," cried Frank, "there you do me injustice; the Catholic religion is twined round every fibre of my heart. I could not abandon it without doing violence to my earliest impressions and my heart's best affections. I should break the heart of my mother; I should wound to the quick my sisters and my other relatives, who look up to me as the representative of an ancient family, whose allegiance to the Catholic faith has never wavered. No, father, I can almost say that, be her doctrines true or be they false, the dearest wish of my heart is, that Edith could be prevailed on to embrace them."

"Then," replied Mr. Oldham, "my advice to you is, to withdraw your mind wholly from controversy; to content yourself with prayers to the Blessed Virgin for Miss Hartwell's conversion, and for the satisfying of your own doubts; and to practise the penances which, at your next confession, I shall impose on you."

To a certain extent Frank followed this advice: he was diligent in prayers and in the practice of austerities, some recommended by his confessor and many added by him-

self; but, except on condition of ceasing to see Edith, he could not withdraw his mind from controversy; and the more he thought on the subject the more his doubts increased.

His friend Cornwall, of whom we have before spoken, and whose chambers he now shared, had been the confidant of Frank's love for Edith, and had given his full measure of sympathy to his sufferings from the obstacles which had interfered between him and his happiness. He had also been made acquainted with his religious struggles; but on this subject he was scrupulously reserved, and cautiously abstained from saying anything. At last, one day, Frank broke out—

"I wish to heaven, Cornwall, you would lay before me some of the evidence on which you believe your religion; for I long to believe something; and yet it seems to me that an infallible Church is the necessary foundation for all religion; and since it is forcing itself on my conviction that the Church has erred, I find my whole Christianity slipping from me like a dream."

"Nay," returned Cornwall, drily, "I can only repeat to you Oldham's advice—believe, and do not examine."

"What," cried Frank: "this advice from you!"

"It is the only advice for your happiness, however," replied Cornwall. "If you once examine into evidences, you will surely end in infidelity. Oldham is an old College friend of mine, and we both came to that conclusion many years ago."

"Then, good heavens!" cried Frank, "if so, why are you not a Catholic?"

"I said, Mac, that the advice was necessary for *your* happiness. I did not say it was necessary for mine; or, perhaps, for I shall not pretend that my creed is a happy one, there may be other things I value more. However, I believe that a certain belief is necessary for the happiness of almost all women, and of many men, among whom I have always reckoned you one. And the only method I know of maintaining such a belief, is not to pry too curiously into its foundations. 'Where ignorance is bliss,' you know," added he, smiling.

"I can have no happiness on these terms," returned Frank, indignantly. "My happiness can never be the bliss of ignorance; it must have truth for its foundation. Yes! I agree with you," said he; "though I value happiness, there are things I value more. I value honour more; I value truth more."

"Well, Frank, my poor fellow," said Cornwall, "I pity you for what you are undergoing; I went through it myself once. I am not fond of talking of my history; but since you have forced it from me, you shall have it. It will not keep you long. You have heard a great deal of the converts that have been made to your Church, at the University to which I belong, but you do not hear anything of those who have been spoiled in the process. Grape-juice, when the fermentation is carried on a little too long, makes not good wine, but sour vinegar. The manufacturers then, I believe, throw the vinegar away, and say nothing about it. Oldham and I were of the same standing, and were great friends. We both sought for some deeper and more solid foundation for our religion than is afforded by the Anglican Church. We both came to the conclusion, that all examination into the evidences of Christianity must have unbelief for its result. But there we parted. The same medicine, you remember, which wrought a miraculous cure on Don Quixote proved nearly fatal to his unhappy squire. I had an unlucky share of mathematics in my education, which Oldham had not; and this has given me the habit of asking for evidence, and not believing without proof. I cannot mesmerize my mind into faith, as Oldham does, nor browbeat my understanding into believing. My belief must be founded on reason and argument. It would be no recommendation to me to be told, such a person is a most worthy and excellent man, but pray do not inquire into his character, for as sure as you do, you will arrive at the opinion that he is a scoundrel. So, of the two alternatives, Popery and infidelity, Oldham has chosen one, and I the other. It is ridiculous to believe, that if the evidence for the Bible fails, any evidence for an infallible Church can be found. But I am wiser than some of my friends, and keep my doubts to myself; and, perhaps, if the truth were known, Oldham and I do not much disagree; and he does not believe more than myself."

"Oh! monstrous," cried Frank; "I cannot with patience hear you impute insincerity to a man so holy as Mr. Oldham."

"Holiness in your Church," said Cornwall, "is a quality attributed to those who can master the grosser bodily appetites; but you think too little of the virtues of the mind, such as truth and charity. That I am not unjust to Mr. Oldham, only consider the principles he has avowed during his whole life. Long before he left the Church of England, he expressed his approbation of the system of 'Double Doctrine,' avowed by some of the Fathers; of their *φεισισμὸς* and *οικονομία*: of their rule for speaking the truth only to those who are fit recipients, but when consideration is necessary, then being false or uttering a falsehood. And he acted on his principles. You know how, for three or four years, he professed himself a member of the Church of England, when he, in reality, held the doctrines of your Church; how he justified himself or speaking, not the language which he believed to be true, but the language which a consensus of great divines had made him safe in speaking, or the language which was

necessary to his position. Now, when he professes his belief in the melting of the blood of Januarius, and in the winking picture at Rimini (things which I have heard you say your own father laughs at), what certainty have you that he is sincere? He may be only trying to 'throw himself more fully into your system,' or speaking the language which a consensus of your divines has made safe for him, or which is necessary for his position. How can you know that you are in possession of the esoteric meaning of his statements? Some time since he represented that our choice lay between Anglicanism and Romanism; that, if Rome could be resisted, it could be by no other means; and simple men who rejected, with horror, the idea of his being a Romanist in disguise, thought such passages as these decisive proof of his faithful adherence to Anglicanism; and yet, now we know that his real meaning was, that Romanism was true, and Anglicanism only the least weak of all the attempts which had been made to resist it. In like manner, when he tells us now, that our choice lies between Romanism and scepticism, that if infidelity can be resisted, it can be by no other means, how do you know but that his meaning is, that infidelity cannot be resisted at all; and that Romanism only supplies the strongest of those cordials, which weak minds find necessary to their happiness?"

By such insidious assaults as these, Frank's confidence in his former instructor was weakened; and the doubts which he had battled off before poured in again. His religious belief had hitherto altogether rested on submission to authority, and now that his faith in that authority had been disturbed, the whole fabric tottered from its foundation. When Cornwall told him that Christianity was not founded on reason and argument—that its evidences would not bear looking into—that it was a mere development of religious sentiment, but that its facts could only be received by those who would blindly swallow whatever their instructors were pleased to teach them; Frank seemed to hear over again, in a new form, the very lessons which Oldham had taught him before. Is it any wonder that, as Frank had before believed without reason, so now, pushed by Oldham and pulled by Cornwall, he began to disbelieve without reason, and was preparing to reject Christianity, without ever once having looked into the evidences on which it rested? He seemed to himself, too, to have been admitted to a kind of freemasonry, and to have suddenly become aware of the hollowness of the professions of many of his Roman Catholic friends, whose sincerity he had never questioned before. A few even confessed their scepticism, but said, that as long as they kept their doubts to themselves, and outwardly adhered to the Church, they caused their friends no unhappiness, and their priests were satisfied with them. And now, as Frank was settling fast into unbelief, the temptation came upon him—why should he be debarred from happiness by his profession of a religion which he did not believe? Perhaps had Edith been penniless, the temptation might have been a strong one; but he shrunk with loathing from the idea of appearing to barter his religion for gold. He knew, likewise, that a change in his outward profession would break his mother's heart, while Edith, herself, if she knew his real sentiments, would be rendered more unhappy by a union with him, than even if he remained a Roman Catholic. And he could not think of living in a life-long hypocrisy to her.

So his visits to Norwood became less frequent; and his spirits failed, gloom seemed settling over him, and he shrank from the subject of religion; for he could not bear to wound Edith's gentle heart by a profession of his true sentiments. And Edith marked the change, and hoped that it arose from a gradual change in his religious convictions, and her prayers for his enlightenment became daily more fervent. But all the time the cloud was settling deeper and blacker on Frank's mind.

At last he felt that the end could be no longer delayed. He wrote, in few and simple terms, what having given long and earnest thought to the subject of religion, he found it impossible to arrive at that unity of religious opinion with her, without which he could not hope to make her happy; and that, therefore, he was constrained to acquiesce in her decision that all must be at an end between them.

He had to write his letter twice, for his first copy was blistered by his tears; and then he threw himself on his bed, and writhed in agony. The blackness of darkness was upon his soul. He had been forced to abandon all those hopes of a brighter eternity, which once had afforded him glorious visions of bliss. And having lost his faith of happiness in the next world, he had now given up all his prospects of happiness in this; and his conscience seemed to tell him, that in both he had only followed the dictates of truth and honour. But he found in his heart an unutterable void.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

WAS POPE LIBERIUS A HERETIC?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

Carlton, Jan. 2, 1854.

SIR—You have driven the infallibility of the Church to be tried and sentenced by historical facts, as you call them, and God only knows in what garb they have come to us. Are these human records infallible? Are they to be now placed above the immutable Word of God? Or are we to

arraign the Holy Scriptures before an historical tribunal? Or are we again to make Christ a criminal? And if his veracity is found wanting by the said tribunal, what is to follow? I have honestly and fairly challenged you to fight the infallibility of the Church of God with weapons from the armoury of God—the Scriptures. But facts, as you have them, you have chosen for your arms of defence; and you think I will be instantly defeated if I meet you so equipped. The facts you have put forward are two—gleaned, of course, from the written acts of the Church, from the first year of our Lord to the sixteenth century—and, if those said facts are proved no facts at all, may we then go back to Scripture. The last paragraph in your answer to my last letter, seems to be the point at issue. This position you have chosen, is dangerous—unhallowed ground; dangerous inductions you have made. It would be all very well and legitimate, no doubt, if you were treating on electricity, or dealing with some abstruse theory on geology, *a priori* then would be your proper course; by-and-bye we will be proving religion by the galvanic battery, as it is being tested by geology, but with what results is useless to enquire. Well, here we meet on your own historical domain. The first Council of Sirmium, A.D. 351, contained no heresy. Constantius banished Liberius from his popedom because he would not confirm the Milan assembly, A.D. 356, he being now nearly three years confined at Berea, the Bishop of Aquileia induced him to sign the first formulary of Sirmium, and the condemnation of Athanasius (*which was of a legal nature*) without violating the Catholic faith. He came to Rome amidst the acclamations of the Roman populace, who cried out, "One God, one fold, one head!" the Arian Pope was driven therefrom. Now, being at liberty, and in his see, he condemns the Arian heresy, writes a letter of reconciliation to Athanasius—see Theodoret. In the year 359, the Ariminum Council assembled to the number of four hundred; of those, eighty were Arians. The profession of faith that the Arians brought with them, the terms there concerning Christ, were Scriptural, though it could be construed into an Arian or a Catholic sense. The word consubstantial not being found in Scripture, the Arians artfully omitted; three hundred and twenty of the bishops rejected the formula, and anathematized Arius, his doctrines, and adherents; but Constantius ordered Valens, his faithful abettor, to direct his powers to gain the bishops, and Tauris, his wily prefect, to detain them in durance, vile at Ariminum, till they had signed the Arian formulary. Valens assured them, that he differed not with them in belief, only in the word "consubstantial," not being found in Scripture; he added, on their signing the aforesaid formulary, depended the peace and union of Christ's Church. After subscribing, they dispersed to their different sees; but finding the Arians had published a creed, in the Arian sense of the word, they immediately wrote against it, denying that they had agreed to it, or signed it; as published by Valens, &c., but thought that the divinity of Christ was fully borne out in the body of the creed, without the word consubstantial. It is not my intention to gloss over the weak actions of those bishops, for I find them *fully condemned by Pope Liberius*, and the bishops of Italy, Britain, Gaul, Dalmatia, Greece, Africa, the Islands, and nearly all the Oriental Churches. Now, here were four hundred bishops at this Council of Ariminum, *without the Pope*—a body without a head! At this time there were upwards of two thousand bishops in the Christian Church, scattered as they were in the above countries; deducting the Ariminum Council from the full number of bishops, leaves upwards of one thousand six hundred, with their lawful head, Pope Liberius, condemning the actions of the said Council of Ariminum (see Athanasius's letter to the Emperor Jovianian). Can it be said now of the saint, with any truth, that he stood alone? I maintain there is no analogy between him and Luther; he (Luther) left the body of the Church, Athanasius stood with it. I defy any man to prove that Liberius sinned against faith; he was somewhat temporising in his actions, as seen above. The Church flourished during his pontificate, as you will find.—Fact number one disposed of.

The case of Berengarius, placed in your columns, for the last three months, as a difficulty to Roman Catholics, as regards the infallibility of their Church, surprises me very much, and the silence of "Philalethes" may seem to you a confirmation of it. I make bold to say it is no difficulty at all to "Philalethes," whoever he may be. The word "sensational," placed in italics, is set forward as the touchstone of infallibility. You contend that this word can mean nothing else than this—in a way that our senses can judge and perceive; but can you contend that the bishops meant nothing else? Berengarius is well known in ecclesiastical history by his falling into this pestiferous heresy, which brings his name before us now, and was (his heresy) unknown to the Christian Church up to his time? This heresiarch was of a vacillating disposition; for, when cited to appear before a council, was sure to recant, and consume his writings on the subject, showing all the dispositions of repentance. The Bishops at Rome drew up this formula (your second fact); it was put in this stringent form, that the wily man could not get out of it, and when subject to the Catholic sense, is purely orthodox. An isolated word or passage, without the aid of the context, or spirit of the treatise that it is taken from, stands very awkward in the hands of an unfriendly critic. The word